

# DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

Entered at the Postoffice at Home, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

VOL. III. NO. 3.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 107.

## WHY DOES LOVE DIE?

Love is as various as are the conditions under which it is manifested and the natures of those between whom it exists. As Nietzsche has well said "two animals find each other out." The more strictly physical love is, the less it is capable of being prolonged, or the less does it clothe itself with those elements which make for constancy.

The writer is confident that the tenderest love is usually the strongest, and that without tenderness the strength of love is soon lost.

Nothing could be more absurd than the idea that love once evoked by its object becomes imperishable. Love requires constant and wise attention. In proportion as we would give to it an enduring value we must care for it. Love must not be neglected.

The proverbial blindness of love is only temporary. Soon enough it begins to get its eyes open. It becomes increasingly familiar with its object. Whether "familiarity shall breed contempt," or shall be a constant new allurement, depends upon the character of its participants.

Love must rule by its unconscious, unassuming, secret beauty and power; and not as those who use a club. Let its voice take on the least tone of command and it stirs the lover to rebel. Love can be created and preserved only through the recognition of an ever-new loveliness in its object.

Nothing is so much worth the while if we attend to it, and nothing so soon turns to disgust if we neglect it.

The accomplished lover merits a higher distinction than any other artist. He is the creator and inspirer of the beauty of the world. He awakens genius. He nourishes the ideal. Hope and courage are his gifts. The nearest approach man has to the sublime and absolute is through the enjoyment of a noble love.

Herein consists man's most fatal choice, that he can live with his love in a cave or on a mountain height. He may shut love up in a prisonhouse for its grave, or he may set love free and give it immortal memories. Truly, as a man loveth so is he.

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.

Alcott, Colo.

## THE DALE PLAN.

Having apologized for those expressions in my preliminary articles which seemed to tend to fire the magazine of controversy, I will proceed to describe, in a series of papers, the principles and arrangements upon which it is proposed to base an experimental movement in the direction of the coming order as some of us think we foresee it. The articles will be numbered for reference, and I would suggest that criticisms be kindly reserved till the series shall be completed.

NO. I.

We derive happiness from what we

desire to do, and not from what we do in obedience to the code or to authority. If all desires could be gratified the good time coming would be already here. If the desires of all were alike the social problem would be less complex than it is. But desires are unlike, diverse, and, oftener than otherwise, conflicting and antagonistic; how can all be gratified? It is obvious that conflicting desires cannot all be gratified; but it has been pointed out that much of the antagonism can be eliminated by leaving each individual free to pursue his own happiness in his own way.

But as desires would continue to conflict, in a vast number of cases, how can this freedom be obtained? Abstractly considered, the individual is by nature free. There is in nature no limitation of self sovereignty, except the inevitable law of reaction. I can do as I please by accepting the consequences. But ah! the consequences are not always desirable. If I seek to enforce my will against the wishes of another one of us will be forced to submit. It will not do to rely on superior power. My opponent has friends. The whole community will be involved. The spirit of war is contagious. No one is happy. No one is free.

We now perceive that absolute freedom is unattainable. The abstract cannot be worked into the concrete. Though there be no natural limit to freedom, a limit must be devised or happiness is impossible. What shall the limit be? Various compromises have been proposed. One, the golden rule, was offered ages ago, and has been urged upon us ever since without beneficial result. It will not be forgotten that governments have been instituted—all very effective as limitations of freedom, but utter failures as promoters of happiness. Herbert Spencer advocated the utmost freedom of the individual compatible with the equal freedom of every other individual; and this phrase, equal freedom, has passed into a formula. Another, along the same line, is just now being urged with very persistent energy—the proposal of "no government of man by man." This has not had time to work out its results or to reveal its defects.

There is still another rule, not unknown to social science, which, in the opinion of this writer, will prove more practical and satisfactory than any other yet offered. It is that each individual assume the cost of his own acts. Do as you please, at your own expense. Individual responsibility. This formula is easily available for practical drill, and it is by practical drill alone that any rule can be made effective. The Dale movement is proposed as a school of individuality. We propose to refrain from foisting burdens upon one another. If we help to bear each other's burdens we will do so voluntarily, and not by conventional arrangement. This is the first point. Stick a pin here.

Dale, Okla.

A. WARREN.

## THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE.

Love, the most influential and at once the most gentle and the most ruthless of human emotions, has its foundation in the sexual impulse, and was at first nothing more than a physical desire. From this desire love, as a sentiment, there seems no doubt, was gradually developed in the evolution from the incoherence of simple savage states to civilization, under the influence of those marriage institutions which bound a female, or females, to the exclusive sexual service of some one man.

In the struggles for the support of existence it was the safe and full satisfaction of desire in private sexual possession which probably built up the disposition to love. In the progressive races—those gifted with the greater nervous sensitiveness and power—the pursuit of the woman for the safe enjoyment of desire must have stimulated the activities of men in every direction, and to reward the exertions of the man there was fostered the sentiment that the woman obtained should be absolutely faithful to him.

This was the commencement of love as it is felt and believed in today, and grown further into the mastering ideal of the exclusive devotion also of the one man to the one woman. And now not only the most passionate but the most considerate and most beautiful feelings of society have clustered around this sentiment and made it truly the most precious feeling of the human soul.

In the lair of primitive man the possession of the woman gave the fullest enjoyment possible of life. The man gave all he had of power to obtain this, and the woman gave all, also, in giving, willing or unwilling, herself.

It is the same today, now that this possessing and surrendering has become love. But there has been added the idealism from culture. Love in its ultimate is a giving of each to each of the best—by the man in a physical orgasm which finds the stimulus of its energy in a refined conception of the female beauty—by the woman in the ineffable relinquishment of the loveliness and satisfactions in herself under an instinct of obedience changed into a tender and passionate affection. They are led by an irresistible impulse—a simple animal desire at the outset—which has become an exalted feeling by being interwoven with all the progressed emotions which the race has acquired in its struggle to civilization—a splendid, energizing, ever demanding and yet self-restraining passion has been developed by the society restrictions which confined the opportunity of expressing sexual desire to two, who were held to be faithful to each other.

These society restrictions are, however, passing as imperative forces. Industrial evolution has made the woman more independent, freeing her largely from the necessity of sexual serving at all. Then the increase in intelligence

from the spread of knowledge has given her a liking for this freedom by showing on the one side the many evils she has suffered from the requirements of exclusive love, and on the other side that with the establishment of her industrial independence there has ceased to be a sufficient reason for it.

These reflections, which both sexes must make, free love itself, by cutting it loose from the conception of a necessary permanent attachment to one individual. The mind then studies it as any other phenomenon of feeling and it is found to be on its physical side a desire indicative of normal health, and on the moral side, from its passion for an ideal perfection in the person, to have the power to stimulate in the final society all the nobler energies, as at first it did the lower ones.

Why then should the living out of the impulses and devotions of love be confined to two alone as in marriage? The cultivated persons of today who have escaped from the traditions of that sexual authority which has descended to us from savages are forced to ask this question. Both men and women feel desire and affection flow out to more than one of each other, and perceiving this the old ideal of exclusive love, of fidelity to one, passes as an outworn use, and is replaced in the mind by an ideal which makes it to be felt and enjoyed and utilized freely, as are friendship and other social and emotional impulses.

This is the intellectual attitude toward love which Letourneau apprehends, in his work the "Evolution of Marriage," when he predicts the coming disintegration of the family, which is to be followed by a recombination of its units in a "new collectivity".—The New Collectivity.

## A PLEASANT REUNION.

Last Sunday was an off day at Home. Nearly the whole population went off to visit the Brotherhood colony at Burley. Only a few were left at Home. M. V. Dadisman's launch was filled to its utmost capacity and two boat loads were towed behind, while Comrade Sipple, of Longbranch, took another party in his launch. The party arrived at Burley at 8 a. m. and were greeted by the pleasant faces of a number of friends and acquaintances who conducted them to the grove where an address of welcome was made by Professor Richardson, of the Brotherhood. Short speeches were made by E. C. Miles, of Home, and W. P. Borland, of Burley, who said the people did not come to listen to speeches but to have a good time, and this sentiment seemed to meet with general approval.

They had a good time, too. There were lots of eatables. The Home people brought great quantities with them and the Burley people brought their dinner down to the grove. Then there was the Burley band, 22 pieces, organ-

(Continued on page 4.)

# DISCONTENT

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY  
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make  
all money orders payable to Discon-  
tent, Home, Wash.

## SHOTS AT IDEALISTIC RECKLESS- NESS.

J. L. Jones has been running at large for some time—I hope he will overlook any irreverence on my part—and it becomes necessary to roundup a few of his careless statements in No. 104 of *DISCONTENT*. Firstly, it seems to me that those who hold that God exists and stands as "an ideal of the supreme good," might be a little more modest in their claim, considering the untold misery that the god idea has been, and still is, responsible for. I decidedly object to spelling the dear old word good, with a capital G and one o. To me god and good are direct opposites, but I haven't the least inclination to force Brother Jones to spell as I do or accept the dictionary definition of the two words, not at all. I only claim the right of criticism, severe criticism if need be. To deny God is to annihilate him, for the deity is a creature of the imagination, nothing more. Those who affirm that God exists have failed beautifully to prove their assertion. Mercy and kindness I call good. How many there are who have abolished God yet whose natures overflow with these traits that so bless poor humanity.

Again, friend Jones, you say you are willing to let these industrious people (Anarchists) do anything they please so long as they courteously allow you the liberty to dissent from their views. What will you do if they are not courteous? Take a club to them or set them a better example by being courteous yourself? We must remember that the severest criticism is not invasion. Not till your critic advises or threatens to use force to close your mouth can he be called invasive. It is true that he can be abusive, vulgar and extremely discourteous, but these things do not constitute invasion. It is simply a war of words and ideas, and the fittest is sure to survive, and no matter how loud the conflict no alarm need be felt regarding the results.

I am rather surprised at the information that a "Materialist cannot have high ideals." I wonder what Brother Jones has in mind when he thinks of "high." His ideal may have a steep slope to it, but he spells high just as the Materialists do, and I take it we mean the same thing. The great Russian, Michael Bakounine, was a Materialist. Read his "God and the State." What can be more lofty than the outline of human liberty as given therein? Planted firmly on a material basis, Bakounine pointed the way to the ideal heights; only from the material can we aspire to the ideal.

Study the lives of noted revolutionists of the past and present, those who were and are Materialists, realize the heights to which they have aspired, and then say, if you can, that "a Materialist cannot have high ideals." It is useless to further criticize a statement so manifestly absurd.

Lastly we are told that there are two kinds of love. Love that is a mere physical affinity, this we are told is quite necessary as a basis of life, but, unfortunately, Brother Jones calls it a "lower manifestation," and tells us that "love in its highest sense is ideal, is not a material thing; it is a spiritual or solar principle, but Materialists do not know what a principle is." Evidently our idealistic brother thinks Materialists are conceited crowd, or he would not thus harrow their feelings. To dissect love, to label one of its manifestations low and another high, is to mutilate it beyond recognition and destroy a rational conception of the divine passion. Love cannot be idealized beyond material expression. A loving glance, a tender kiss, a warm handclasp—all the loving, little, practical helps, what are they but the realization of the ideal through the material—an ideal that lives and moves only through and by the material. Brother Jones, or any one else, is at perfect liberty to cultivate high ideals, and there is nothing helps so much in the culture, and especially to lengthen 'em, as a mixture of hard, materialistic common sense.

KATE AUSTIN.

## O THE PITY OF IT! THE PITY OF IT!!

Once upon a time—not so long ago, either—I was counted a Populist; anyway I voted the "Pop" ticket in politics—with some reservations. But I quit Kansas and politics at one and the same time. The climate of neither state suited me. I liked the political temperature worst—it is particularly sultry at times, not to say sulphury. There was witnessed in Kansas during 1897-98, under Leedy and his legion, about as much chicanery and cheating as under any other old party—with a big P. It is always thus with parties—especially such as condescend to affiliate with their "friends—the enemy," for the sake of potatoes or pie, at the expense of principles.

Parties start out originally as one man standing for a truth; or a few segregated individuals, obsessed by the same ideal, these amalgamate, fuse, generally with the idea and purpose of gaining power, but almost invariably what each gains in external force one loses in internal and spiritual strength. Little by little, semi-unconsciously, the ideal conception gives way to material facts and their constant pressure; high precept gives place to paltry practice, petty expediency is enthroned instead of noble example; the current of pure principles is stemmed and diverted; the propaganda of new thought is forgotten and foregone in the reckless strife for dominion in the political arena, the lust of power seems to take possession, one idea maintains—it is to conquer, and no sacrifice appears to be too great to assure triumph. This gained, it follows that perforce 'tis true—"To the victor belongs the spoils!"

Thus it was in Kansas in 1897-98; thus it will be in Kansas in 1900-2. Watch it and see! If the Populist party win out next election, as I think they will, owing to their nominee for governor, one John W. Breidenthall—a grand, good specimen of a man; an all-round good sort of a fellow—you will see a curious sight in Kansas during the following two years. Of a truth a round peg will be trying, and trying hard, to fit a triangular hole. Of course, the peg will in time fit if the pressure is hard enough,

but just fancy John W. Breidenthall, an out-and-out Anarchist at heart, kneading himself to fill out all the three-cornered nicks of his queer position as boss of Kansas! To me both a curious and a pitiful sight.

Experientia docet, however. It's the only way we learn—and some of us not even by hard experience.

Oh this damnable temporizing! When shall we be through with it? John, quit the game—it's a worse "jackpot" than Topolobampo, and you'll find out that you only hold a bob-tail flush at the finish.

C. H. CHEYSE.

## MATERIALISM.

Mr. O. B. Server denies my assertion that Materialism is a solid rock and all else is speculation. He says: "I hold up a book and ask, How do you know this is a book?" He asks for a candid answer and he shall have it.

There is nothing new in his question about the book. It is the same old chestnut which has been asked in so many different ways by Christians and Spiritualists in days gone by, such as "How do you know hart is hart?" "How do you know heat is not cold?" "How do you know you are a man?" "How do you know anything except what God tells you?" etc.

I presume most of the readers of *DISCONTENT* are familiar with the main points of Materialism, but for the sake of answering Mr. Server, and enlightening a few who may have mistaken ideas of Materialism, I will discuss the matter briefly.

How do we know a book is a book? How do we know ANYTHING? Because we have five witnesses, our senses—hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling and feeling. These senses are the basis of all our knowledge. If Mr. Server denies the existence of the senses, then I have nothing further to say to him on the subject, for "as the eagle cannot soar the atmosphere in which he floats, and by which alone he may be supported, so the mind cannot transcend the sphere of limitation, within and through which exclusively the possibility of thought is realized."—(Sir Wm. Hamilton.)

We know because we can reason, and we reason because we have our senses and a brain. We could not think without a brain, neither could we think if all our senses were lacking, even though we had a brain. For example, a man born blind can have no conception of color, and so on, so that if all his senses were gone he could conceive of nothing. His brain would be of no use to him whatever. His mind would be nothing—a spirit.

Now, where do these senses and this brain come from? They are products of the material universe. Materialism does not pretend to explain the mystery of existence. It has no beginning from which to date. It knows of nothing except matter in motion, and cannot conceive how either matter or motion could be anything but eternal. The materialist bases his knowledge and philosophy on the consciousness of his existence. Those who haven't confidence enough in appearances to admit their own existence had better leave these problems for others to solve.

Materialism is the science of what is knowable. Just as soon as it can be demonstrated that a subject is beyond

the realm of reason it ceases to be materialism. Any subject that can be understood is materialism, even though it might not have been so regarded previously. For instance, because people once thought that electricity was the presence of a supernatural god does not alter the fact that it is, as science has proven it to be, a property of matter.

Ingersoll asks: "Can you have a thought which is not suggested to you by what you call matter? Did any man or woman or child ever have a solitary thought, dream or conception that was not suggested to them by something they had seen in nature?" Says Tyndall: "Divorced from matter where is life? To man, as we know him, matter is necessary to consciousness. Every meal we eat and every cup we drink illustrates the mysterious control of mind by matter."

Man is simply an animal. It is no disgrace to be an animal. The only thing to be ashamed of is to be a bad animal. We may become good animals just in proportion as we understand and apply natural conditions. Thus it is that materialism is the basis of morality.

For a man to "drink and forget his poverty" because a supposed supernatural god says so is idiotic, for material science has proven that strong drink is utterly incapable of enabling man to "remember his misery no more."

Materialism is the science of cause and effect. Supernaturalism is man's vain attempt to escape reaping what he has sown.

Of course, a solid rock may be reduced to powder. I used the term solid rock to illustrate the sound principle on which Materialism is founded. It takes the elements thousands of years to make any noticeable impression on a block of granite, while an ordinary tide will wash away a heap of sand in an hour. As Materialism is represented by a mountain of stone, which stands for ages, Spiritualism is vain speculation, represented by the shifting sands of the seashore or the clouds that float in the air.

Man is too closely allied to the earth to imagine his existence in the sky. He cannot live away from the earth or without the product of the earth. Analyze a man and you will find that he is composed of substantially the same elements as a grain of wheat, for that reason he sustains life by eating the wheat. The wheat is composed of the same elements that exist in the soil, so the wheat lives by "eating" the soil. Thus man lives from the earth. The condition of his mind depends upon the food he eats and the air he breathes. Thus thoughts are products of the earth, entirely material. Keep a man without food and he is liable to be insane; feed him on certain kinds of food and he cannot think at all, which is conclusive proof that thoughts are material products.

Now, why do I say "This is a book"? It makes no difference whether I call it a book or a bike. The word is nothing. Supernaturalists show their weakness by quibbling over words. Language is nothing but a means of expressing thoughts. Custom has led those who speak English to call a bundle of paper leaves printed and bound a book. We know what our friend holds in his hand is a book because our intelligence—the combination of blood, bones, flesh, nerves, senses and brain—has enabled us to distinguish one form of matter from another.

Mr. Server may be able to write a thousand books to explain that no such thing as a book exists, but all such meaningless dreaming cannot overthrow the fact that materialism is a solid rock, and all else is speculation.

Amesbury, Mass. J. A. WILSON.

## CHAINS.

BY JUNO.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Events come and go, time passes on, and we live our lives as though we were the principal actors on the stage of life; while the truth is that as individuals we amount to but little. It is individuals in the aggregate that count. That is why reformers have such a hard time and why they meet with so many disappointments—they expect too much; having found a road that to them seems the one to travel they immediately show it to others, saying: "Come out of that road in which you are traveling; this is the only right one;" and they plead, expostulate, and often command, when the showing of the road and an inventory of its beauties and possibilities would be sufficient. Reformers make the common mistake of believing their own road the only right one, and that everyone who will not walk therein is a fool.

Jennie Blake was given to understand that she was a sinner beyond redemption. True, the Christians had read of a God, called Christ, who had forgiven a certain Mary because she had loved much; but if they ever thought of it they did not understand it—and then, anyhow, that was so long ago, and, of course, we could not be expected to do as the Christ did, and so the "I am holier than thou" feeling grew stronger. Little did Jennie care. She took Ida out riding and paid no attention to the cold looks and averted faces. Why should she care? Her mother was troubled, and that annoyed Jennie.

"Mother, they are not worth paying any attention to; we are not dependent upon them for anything; they will probably need us before we need them."

"But, Jennie, these are old friends, and I can't bear to be treated so; I wish we could go away from here."

"Perhaps we will, later on, mother dear, but we must stay here until after Ida's baby is born, and I do not want to be driven away. If it were not for you, mother, I would not care."

Mrs. Blake visited among her old friends who, though they "could not endure that shameless hussy," were sorry for the mother and were cordial in their treatment of her. They had ceased their effort to find out anything concerning either Ida or Jennie. Upon that subject Mrs. Blake would not talk. After a visit to one of her friends Mrs. Blake said to Jennie:

"Belle Carrol has a little boy; a dreadfully weazened little thing they say it is, too, vomiting blood and has no strength; I guess it will hardly make a 'live' of it, and Belle is mighty poorly herself; the doctor said if she passed over the third day all right she would get well. Today is the third day; I don't know how she is."

"Poor mistaken woman," Jennie exclaimed, she is enduring the penalty of tight dressing and carelessness, and, worse still, the little one must suffer for the mother's sin."

The next morning a lad brought Jennie a note from Sam Carrol begging her to come to his house. "Belle wants you," he wrote.

Hastily donning her wraps, Jennie

was soon in the room with the young mother.

"They tell me I will die; I want to live; oh, I am not prepared to die."

"Just believe that Christ will save you, and will forgive you all your sins; believe before it is too late."

Jennie turned to see who was speaking, and there stood the wife of one of the deacons—a great worker in the church and the greatest scandalmonger in Delville. Indignantly Jennie answered:

"This is not the time or place for preaching; when the ills of the body are cured, then it is time to think of other things."

The deacon's wife left and Jennie spoke soothingly to Belle.

"Just be quiet; there is no need of exciting yourself. I do not think you will die. I will send for mother, she will know what to do, and we will soon have both you and baby comfortable."

Word was sent to Mrs. Blake, and she was soon at the Carrol home. She undressed the baby boy, bathed him carefully and then wrapped him in cotton.

"He is too weak to bear the weight of clothes and they are not warm enough," she said as she wrapped a soft flannel over the cotton.

"Has he nursed?"

"No, we have been trying to feed him. It pained Belle when he tried to nurse."

It was Sam Carrol who said this.

"If you want to raise this child you will have to let it have its mother's milk. Nature gives in the mother's milk the nourishment that is needed, and the pain that the nursing may cause now is trivial compared to the trouble and annoyance that you will have if you try feeding him."

"But the doctor said he will not live," moaned Belle.

"The doctors are not allwise and often find themselves mistaken," replied Mrs. Blake.

"Now, I will get Mrs. Carrol some breakfast."

Sam followed her, and when the door of Belle's room was closed he asked:

"Do you think she will die?"

"I do not know; she has some fever, but I think it is caused more from her worrying than anything else. If she can be kept quiet and peaceful for a few days she may get well."

"Will you stay with her?"

"I will stay if I am allowed to shut out all visitors. That is what has caused part of this sickness. There are some women who think it their duty to be at every bornin' and every buryin'. Babies look like they had been dipped in hot water, and they are all alike, except that some have hair and some haven't; little red slips of humanity, I'd rather wait until they look more like girls and boys and less like hairless monkeys."

While she was speaking Mrs. Blake had toasted some bread, made some tea, and then took in the tray to Belle. As she left the kitchen she paused in the door way and said:

"Mr. Carrol, you had better stay at home today. I may need help."

"Not awaiting a reply she went to Belle's room."

"Now, Belle, you eat this breakfast; it will do you good. I am going to stay with you, and if you are good, and will do as I tell you, I think you will get well."

Jennie went home and Mrs. Blake

took charge of the mother and child. Belle ate her breakfast, and then the baby beginning to cry Mrs. Blake gently lifted him and laid him by his mother.

"Now, Belle, this child must nurse. It will be better for you and for the baby."

Soon the child's feeble cry was hushed and while he was getting his breakfast Mrs. Blake said:

"Many a little grave is filled because the baby does not get the food nature intended for it. I think it is a sin and a shame to give a baby cow's milk when milk can be had from the mother. It would make the bond between mother and child more tender, at least so it seems to me."

Then finding that the little one was asleep she moved him away and continued:

"Rest now, that is all you need to do; you look better and baby is more comfortable."

Belle found the shaded, quiet room very soothing and pleasant and soon was asleep. Visitors were excluded, and both mother and child had an opportunity to get well. Belle improved rapidly, and after a few days wanted to get up, but Mrs. Blake said:

"It takes nine days for the woman to become normal, and there is no need of hurrying. Give nature a chance to do her work well. I think two weeks of rest in bed none too much."

The child had a harder time to live; a weak, fretful baby, handicapped by his mother's foolishness, he must suffer, perhaps to old age, from bodily weakness, and that is not always the worst, for the law of heredity acts for good or ill in the mental as in the physical being. During the palmy days of Rome the pregnant woman was treated with the greatest respect; it was considered no disgrace, and a matron was held in the highest honor. Among the Spartans the fact of women bearing warriors was taken into consideration and they were treated accordingly, but in these degenerate days of sham, hypocrisy and religious cant such sentiment is the exception rather than the rule, and the present generation shows the effect of such pernicious teaching and practice. A woman should not have a child until she wishes it, and then she should make it the one aim of her life to have a perfect child, both physically and mentally. The father's duty does not end with impregnation, but he should do all in his power to aid the mother. There are times of weakness, of sickness, that are hard to endure. Times of anxiety and care to all expectant mothers when the loving and kind attention of the father is doubly appreciated. Then it is shown whether the love of the man is wholly selfish; then is the time when a woman's love for the man often dies, for love must feed on love, and if coldness and neglect takes the place of the former care and warmth then love dies. It is often the case that a woman's nature changes, that she becomes morbid, often peevish and fretful, and when she becomes so is not that the more reason that patience and love should be shown? And the man who is ashamed of his sweetheart because of her appearance, and finds it too great a burden to make her life happy, should never have the love of a woman, should never enjoy the pleasures of love. We read and hear so much of the duties of the mother, of

the pleasures and joys of motherhood, of how the girls should be trained so they may become worthy mothers; have the fathers no duty? Should they not be trained to become worthy fathers? It is time some attention was paid to the man; too long have they been neglected, and instead of hearing so much of the crowning joy of motherhood let us hear something of the crowning joy of fatherhood.

The Carrol son and heir was not welcome. Belle did "not want to be bothered with a young one" and Sam was not anxious to add to his family. But after the child came they did not want it to die and the father felt a little pride that he had a son and was anxious that the child should grow faster.

"Do all babies grow so slowly?" he asked Mrs. Blake.

"Oh, he may pick up after awhile; sometimes it takes a long time to get started," was the evasive answer.

Before Mrs. Blake left for home she told Sam Carrol that, as it would take the most of Belle's time and strength to care for the baby and herself, he should get a strong and capable woman to take charge of the house. When he grumbled at the expense she said:

"It really will be cheaper to hire the work done for a few months than to pay the doctor's bills and have an invalid for a wife, and that is what you will have if Belle has the work to do and the care of the child."

As economy was the one thing upon which Sam Carrol doted he acted on the suggestion and a willing, energetic, capable girl from the country was installed as housekeeper. Mary Archer was her name, and, as she proved to be "saving" and had a knack of doing everything required of her and doing it pleasantly and well, the Carrols were satisfied with her.

(To be continued.)

Freedom of thought is the foundation of all freedom. Without it liberty is but the deceiving mask that hides the leer of oppression and the lying lips of tyranny. He is a traitor to thought, a coward to conviction, a poltroon to his profession, who seeks or desires an advantage gained by compulsion and force! It is the bigot who seeks to back up his brains by the bayonet, to emphasize his teaching by torture, to promulgate his philosophy by fire, to vindicate his faith by the fagot, or to spread his gospel with the sword! The inquisition is the bigot's argument for this world, and hell is his argument for the world to come.—Dr. J. E. Roberts.

Under a proper system of production and exchange an average of two hours labor a day would produce an abundance to supply all material wants. Under the present system those who do the hardest work never have enough. The wageslave, when fully employed, is insufficiently supplied with the common necessities of life. When out of employment the tortures of want and care abide with him always. The fruits of labor, instead of being placed in storehouses for the use of those who produce them, are shipped to Europe to pay interest on bonds and mortgages, or turned over for the same purpose to native plunderers who double the price, while the workers suffer want.—Ex.

## A PLEASANT REUNION.

(Continued from page 1.)

ized by Professor Draper, the musicians being mostly children, who perform exceedingly well considering the time they have been under instruction. Then there was an entertainment after dinner, and more music by the brass band and the string band, and songs and recitations and speeches and everything, while some of the visitors, who had more of an ear for business than for music, went off by themselves to investigate the ravages of the cutworms and look over the land and take stock of the sawmill machinery and the cows and horses and Belgian hares.

Altogether a very pleasant day was spent. Many new acquaintances were formed and a good deal was done to unite and harmonize two somewhat divided branches of the industrial army. The writer has a dim recollection of reading sometime of a congress of Internationals held at Brussels, I think, in the early days of the propaganda. There was a division between the red and black Internationalists (Socialists and Anarchists) and Bakounine and the Anarchists left the convention. Someone prophesied then that when the red and the black should again unite the day of emancipation was at hand.

I do not know whether the historical part of this is true or not but the prophetic part certainly is. I have always viewed with disfavor the pernicious activity of those who would have us believe that Socialism and Individualism are necessarily opposed to each other. I hold that they are necessarily related. They may be opposites in a certain sense. There must be opposite spokes in a wheel to make it stand up. The two blades of a pair of shears are opposites, but one blade will not cut very well by itself. Socialism and Individualism are both essential and necessary elements in human nature—in all nature—and what we need is to learn the right relations of the two. Narrow-minded people who fail to understand the principles of organic unity and social harmony may be well meaning, but this does not excuse anyone for bigotry and intolerance. The greatest crimes of history have been perpetrated by sincere and well-meaning bigots and fanatics, too narrow minded to comprehend the law of universal harmony.

J. L. JONES.

I agree with all that the writer says in the above article about the good time we had at the Cooperative Brotherhood colony; we had a royal time, and we'll come again, with your permission. And that's the sentiment of all our folk. We trust you'll be able to visit us this summer and get to know us; really we improve upon acquaintance, tho' most of us own up candidly to believing in Anarchy, i. e., love of freedom, and freedom of love! Don't be shocked, friends, and don't retire within your shells because you think danger approaches, but get your thinkeries to work and see if you can't find "where we are at." We know where you are at—we've been there! We got discontented; so will you, my friends; some of you are discontented now, discontented with the marriage relation—aye, even discontented with the colony itself, a much more sacred institution in the eyes of

some among you. That's a sign you are not vegetating, not revolting to a condition of innocuous desuetude. It's a grand word is DISCONTENT. Out of it slowly, but surely, springs all good things. It is the very basis of an upward striving toward the light, toward perfection. The needs of the soul must be fulfilled. It has been so from the beginning. The protoplasm was not content, it evolved to something higher, and

"If apes had been content with tails,  
Nothing of higher shape  
Had come to birth! the king of earth  
Today would be an ape!"

Cooperators, Socialists and Anarchists are linked at least in the bonds of discontent, if in nothing else, but methinks it is of import to us to seek if there be not yet some stronger connecting links; so let us associate, fraternize as far as possible, to the end of mutual assistance, as comrades, as individuals, as men and women! C. H. CHEYSE.

## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

M. V. Dadisman has named his launch "New Ideal."

We commenced to use new green corn on July 29. Early this year.

G. A. Kennan has a new rowboat afloat. We have quite a fleet now.

Paul Rostel, of Chicago, spent the past week here looking over our location.

Yes, we do desire additions, but we do not care to have any join us but Anarchists.

Nils Strandberg, of Tacoma, again made us a short visit. We are always pleased to have our friends come to see us.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson bay known locally as Joes bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 83 people here—23 men, 19 women and 41 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

## CORRECTION.

In the article headed Materialism, on page 2, in the second paragraph, sixth line, where it reads "How do you know hart is hart?" it should read "How do you know heat is heat?"

## RECEIPTS.

Discontented, Honolulu, \$4, Strandberg \$1.25, Occidental Hotel 50c, Lambert 50c, Trott 50c, Washburn 25c, Lambert 15c, Nold 10c.

## HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock every day except Tuesday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m. Leaves Sunday at 3 a. m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

The Educational Club (Boston) meets every Sunday at 2 p. m. at 45 Eliot street. Free discussion.

## AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 700 Sunny-side ave.  
Honolulu—A. Klemencie, Alakea st.

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## ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.  
Second: Wife or husband.  
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

## CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.